

This is the anniversary of the triumphant entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, in 1429. The maid had defeated the British and preserved the kingship for France. She was burned at the stake in 1431.

# THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED

A Serial of a Girl Who Sells Herself, Becomes a Criminal and Then, Under the Uplifting Environment of Real Love Regains Her Soul.

This appealing story has been made into a wonderful film drama by Cosmopolitan productions, and will be released as a Paramount picture.

Personally Directed By Robert G. Vignola.

By Donn Bryne.

"That's better," she says, and puts my hand as she turns her head. "Don't worry, McCarthy. I'll—I'll live."

Without the gray January dusk had crept into the canons of New York and given the narrow streets, the crowded buildings, the moving trucks, the pedestrians, a semblance of unreality, as though they were being seen through a mist raised by some necromancer at the call of a fortune man.

Through the windows of the courtroom the Tombs were still evident, but the building had become unreal. It was like some ogre's castle in a fairy tale for children, very terrible, but not really there.

The judge, the jury, the attendants, all the court had somehow lost entity as a court. It was no more a court than a house in a play is a house. It was just a formula embracing a hundred or so human beings.

And one felt also that this was not in New York. There was no atmosphere of New York. New York might be a cloak and a disguise but the minds and personalities of all were on a golden island on shining seas.

And they didn't see McCarthy in the witness box, nor Janssen in the dock, but by the cove where the water was so translucent that one could see, fathom on fathom deep, the rainbow fish below.

"She gets better day by day, and I'm so glad I could sing," continued the officer, speaking more easily as practice came after his seven years of silence. "She sits on the beach and health comes to her. And the wind, and little by little the flush comes in her cheek, and life ferments, and her hair that has become dank ripples and flows, as a still sea stirs up with a breeze. And soon she's swimming again. But there's little of the old Janssen left. All her movements are grave. At times she sits thinking, and her brow is working with thought. At other times she smiles. Just a dignified little smile."

A SECOND TIME.

"And soon after she gets well, she saved my life a second time. This is the first time. I'm fishing one day and my line and hook get caught down in the coral. And I don't want to lose that hook. Hooks aren't easy to make. So I says: 'I'll go down after that hook.'"

"I shoot in and go swimming down through the water, and I hang on to the coral with one hand, and unluckily the hook with the other. I'm about ready to come up when in the water between me and the sun I can see a shadow like a boat. For a moment I think it's a boat, and come up with a rush. But halfway up I know it's no boat. And in the warm water I go cold as ice."

"I'm more than halfway up, and I have no chance of shouting, splashing, making a noise, the way you frighten them off. And suddenly I know the big fellow sees. I can feel the vibration of his swirl in the water as he turns off to a point where he can come rushing at me."

"It's good-bye, McCarthy!" I say to myself, and turn to face him. And then I hear a plunge into the water the moment he's ready to turn over and come at me. And Janssen comes shooting down."

"She has a stone or something in her hand drawn back and lets him have it just on the soft point of the nose, the only place you can hurt those fellows. One crack! And the big coward turns and slinks off just like a dog that's been kicked."

A BRAVE DEED.

"When we get ashore I'm just as mad as can be. The idea of her taking a chance like that! 'Haven't you got any sense at all?' I bawl her out. 'What do

# The Washington Times Magazine Page

## TITLE WRITERS, ATTENTION!

THE concluding installment of this nameless serial will be published in a few days. Someone will receive \$100 for submitting the most appropriate title. Will it be you? Everybody, except employees of The Washington Times and their families are eligible to participate in this competition. There is no limit to the number of titles any man, woman or child may submit.

### HERE IS THE ONLY RULE

The title must consist of three words or less, it must be original and indicate the character of the novel.

The title must reach the Title Editor before May 15.

The judges will be Mrs. William Atherton DuPuy, President of the American Penwomen's League; Guy F. Bowerman, Librarian of the Public Library, and Vivian St. John, Literary Editor of The Washington Times.

## The Hundred Dollar Question

"Tea!" The mere mention of the word made me feel better. And when Juanita placed on the bunk beside me a tray containing a pot of piping-hot tea and several pieces of crisp buttered toast, I could almost have died with joy.

"You eat it," she said. "Eat it all. Then you'll feel better."

I needed no urging to eat it all. And there was no doubting that I felt better after I had eaten it.

"Why, I feel like a new woman," I said. And now I was able not only to sit up in bed, but to get up and dress myself—with Juanita's assistance. Clothes had been provided for me—clothes similar to the ones she wore. My wet things had been removed while I was unconscious, and I had been wrapped in a man's bathrobe. Juanita hovered over me like a mother while I dressed.

JUANITA SOLICITOUS.

"Why are you so good to me?" I couldn't help asking the question. It seemed strange that this girl whom I once had hated should be going so much for me, ignoring her own comfort.

"I—suddenly there swept over Juanita's face an expression as of determined resolve. 'Juanita get you into this,' she said. 'Juanita must get you out.'"

"Got me into this?" Immediately I was intensely interested. What I had asked merely as a casual question seemed to have opened up unlooked-for fields of information. "What do you mean—you got me into this?"

"The danger," Juanita elucidated. "The what you call the risk."

"But you came too," I answered. "Surely there was as much danger for you as there was for me."

NOT SAFE IN WASHINGTON.

"Juanita come." Her voice now was very low and filled with meaning. "It is to be with you, Senorita. 'She never had called me anything but Senorita—that Juanita come.'"

"To be with me?" I could no longer keep from showing my excitement. "But why should you come to be with me?"

"Because—your friend, Grace—"

Here she stopped for just a minute. Then she took a new start. "I tell you all I know," she said. "If not safe for you in Washington," she began. "Alvarez, he have

## Man Happy in Youth IN LATER YEARS

A H. If I'd only been a man!"

A fair young girl let me understand by this remark, the other day, that had she not been born of the wrong sex, she could easily have been Prime Minister or Archbishop of Canterbury; and that, in either or both of those positions she could have "reconstructed" the universe.

"I wish I were a woman!"

I don't think men often make that remark.

Does this mean that men are happier than women?

It means (some would say) that they are only more contented. As a rule, I think, men undoubtedly imagine that they, as a sex, enjoy a far greater share of life's happiness than women do.

It is quite true that man can "detach" himself more easily than can woman.

When on the field of sport or in his club, he can laugh and be merry, and temporarily forget business and domestic worry.

NURSE GRIEVANCE.

Not so woman. If she has a trouble or a grievance, however small, she will nurse it to the detriment of her happiness—at the theater, in the ballroom, at the card table, or wherever she may be, until the need for the worry has disappeared.

Perhaps one may say, with safety, that young men are happier than young women. The latter's uncertainty as to what the future is to be hampers their happiness. There is, further, an unrest of mind; nothing is fixed, nothing assured.

When it comes to the happiness of young married people here again the men appear to "have it" for the youthful wife, with the trials and tribulations which the freedom, health and perhaps a greater financial independence assure to the young husband.

And yet woman, even in her days of youth, has moments of happiness such as never man may know! The joy of beauty, of frocks, of love, of motherhood, have not their peers in the circle of masculine delights.

HAPPIER AT 35

But these things come and go. They bring, too, their days of sorrow, of disappointment.

Up to the age of 35 or so a man's life, on the whole, is happier than a woman's. After that age, when woman is fived, settled in her life work, be it matrimony or aught else, she is then happier than her contemporary man.

The novelty of his work has worn off; things begin to pall that once did please; he talks politics with surly politicians in the smokeroom, while his wife laughs and chatters with her women "pals" as lightly as a schoolgirl.

So on it goes. As life advances woman gains in happiness and man loses—except for one thing.

That is the loss of looks! Here is a tragedy men care less about. A man's looks don't matter. For a woman they mean so much of her influence and power. This loss of youth and beauty, then, overshadows many a woman's middle years. It helps to counteract the rather more favorable material conditions of her life.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going with a young girl for about the last six months, seeing her sometimes three and four times a week. We have been getting along nicely until lately. On account of the kind of work I am doing I have to, in case of necessity, work nights, and during the past two weeks have worked most of every night and my girl has been going out with other fellows. I called her down, and she answered by saying it was not wrong for her to go out with other fellows as long as I wasn't there to take her. Please, Miss Fairfax, I broke up with her and would like to know of your opinion on the subject.

H. E. G.

You never proposed marriage to the young lady, so there are no strings tied to her. Of course, she has a right to go out with other young men, in spite of the blow to your vanity. If you want her for a friend, better make up with her, and at once.

DON'T GET CROSS AGAIN

MISS FAIRFAX:

For more than a year I have been in love with a girl who I think cares for men and one that I could always be happy with, but when I ask her to be mine she says "I will some day."

Several months ago I became cross at her for making dates and going with a boy I had known for a long time that was not considered much. Since this time she has gone with other boys and acted very indifferent with me.

Did I do wrong in saying anything, even if it hurt me dreadfully, and should I go with other girls. I am twenty-three and lonesome, but have hopes of winning her back.

LONESOME.

You did wrong in getting cross with her. I'll bet you tried to bully her, and I'm glad she would not be bullied. Take your hopes of winning her back, and try to be more diplomatic in the future.

## Chickweed a Lawn Pest

The most successful method of combating common chickweed in lawns, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, is to take out as much of the weed as practicable in the early spring, using a fine-tooth garden rake. This will seriously retard the growth of the weed. Commercial fertilizer should be heavily applied immediately after raking the lawn liberally seeded with a good lawn-grass mixture.

The heavy growth of grass which should result will tend to crowd out the shallow-rooted chickweed. Constant mowing and watering throughout the growing season will hamper the spread of the pest. The lawn should also be rolled each spring.

One method of destroying chickweed is to allow chickens to have access to the lawns in the spring. Extensive experiments have been made with chemicals for destroying chickweed but without marked success.

To remove stains and discolorations from tilework, try rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in soda.

## A New Book on Hiroshige

A Review by Homer Joseph Dodge.

HIROSHIGE. By Yone Noguchi. Orientalia, 22 East 60th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

OFFERS a new book on Hiroshige, prepared by Yone Noguchi, which makes up in book craftsmanship a part of what it lacks as a literary production. The book is beautifully and curiously bound in blue cloth; beautifully and curiously printed on the finest paper. It presents nineteen well-selected examples of the art of the immortal Hiroshige, each one of which is a lovely thing. But the book has a text.

Mr. Yone Noguchi, the author of the text—an apostrophic criticism of Hiroshige and his art—obviously takes issue with Mr. Kipling's

## Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest—Clip Them.

PEACE CAKE.

Cream two-thirds cup of butter with one and one-half cups sugar. Then add the yolks of five eggs, one at a time. Stir in one cup of milk and a pinch of salt. Then add three cups of flour separately; in the last cup put three teaspoons baking powder, then beat whites of eggs stiff and fold into mixture. Last, add one teaspoon each of lemon and vanilla extract.

ICING.

Two cups powdered sugar, mixed with two tablespoons of milk. Add two tablespoons of marshmallow, spread over cake, dust with confectioner's sugar. If color is desired, divide white icing in three parts: color one red, one blue, and leave other white.—Mrs. C. W. Quantrell, 612 Massachusetts Avenue Northwest.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE.

2 eggs.

1-6 cup of butter.

1 cup granulated sugar.

1 1/2 cup of flour.

1 tablespoon baking powder.

1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

1/2 cup milk (sweet).

Take the yolks of both eggs, the sugar and the butter and whip into a cream. Put in the milk and vanilla and stir it up. Into this sift the flour and baking powder. Beat the whites of both eggs into a foam. Fold this into the mixture and stir the whole mixture slowly.

Take pans and grease with butter. Sprinkle flour on pans. Put cake mixture in pans and bake quick.

Spread marshmallow cream on the cooled layers, then build up the layers and spread over the top.

## Is Marriage a Success?

PROPINQUITY AN INFATUATION.

Marriage is an institution which has endured and shall endure as long as civilization itself. An open discussion with a public of wide experience does much for the prevention of unhappy marriages.

Many of the letters have held advice and others warnings in their accounts of unhappiness. I have no own theory on how to avoid unhappy marriages.

A great many failures are due to the hastiness in marrying. A man who has thought on the subject will know the type of girl he would like to make his wife, but when, at the end of a tiring day, he seeks amusement, he will take out any girl he is acquainted with, usually one of the frivolous, pleasure-at-any-price type.

However, although he thinks he can see his little "doll" once in a while, and have some good times with a companion of her "don't care" playfulness before he settles down to married life, he knows that a marriage results which in a few months will become unendurable.

It is the same with a girl. Propinquity often results in infatuation. If single persons would find out what traits, mannerisms and characteristics they like and also realize which traits react unpleasantly upon them, they could avoid

forming close ties with persons who sooner or later would grow unbearable.

READER.

WAIT FOR TIME AND AGE.

I read the marriage letters just to know what the trouble is with the children of today.

Now I say children, because that is just what a good number of the cases are in this column. I think that a good many of the readers will agree with me.

My only bit of advice is that there should be a law that no person or couple be allowed to marry until they have reached the age of twenty-three, thus giving time to these couples to gain their right sense, and also building a strong foundation for their future.

Now, dear readers, I am able to write from experience, as I have a sister who was just a child when they married. As for myself, I am a married man, but not at the age of seventeen or nineteen. I know that no man knows the right thing until he reaches the age of twenty-five.

I am not sorry that I have waited until twenty-eight, because I can truthfully say our marriage is a success. Why? Because we were not children any more when we were wed.

My motto is "wait until you have reached your time and age, thus eliminating the word 'failure' in marriage."

SUCCESSFUL.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## INTRODUCING

Eppy Cure and Appy Tite, who need no introduction to

## LOFFLER'S SAUSAGE

Every epicure with an appetite for distinctive flavor finds that and 100% purity in

## LOFFLER'S SAUSAGE

Ask Your Meat Man

## The Woman Observer

"NOTHING DOING."

The Business Woman always has to work one evening toward the end of the month, and this last time it was after 11 when she left her office. Just as she was striking off down her own side street an old lady approached her, asking, "Do you mind if I walk along with you? I'm a little timid about being out alone so late."

The Business Woman assured her that she did not mind in the least.

"Aren't you at all afraid?" the old lady asked, admiringly.

"Well, I don't think much about it," the younger woman said, glancing indifferently at the deserted street ahead. "It's no use to it."

"But with crime so common now?" the old lady persisted, timidly.

The girl laughed. "I'm not afraid of robbers," she said. "I've got just 14 cents with me."

At this moment a taxicab rounded the corner and slowed down beside the two women. The driver nodded at the old woman and she nodded back.

"Anything doing?" asked the driver.

"Nothing," said the old lady, clearly; "she's only got 14 cents."

And then she stepped into the taxi and drove away.

PROFITING.

There is still profiteering in the land, yes verily. An article which The Woman buys frequently at drug stores varies in price from 65 cents to \$1, according to the store which she patronizes.

The other day she wanted to purchase another drug and was told the pellets were 40 cents a dozen.

"I'd rather have them by the bottle," said The Woman.

"A dollar forty cents," replied the clerk.

When The Woman got home she counted them, out of curiosity, and found the bottle held just twenty-five. Now The Woman "haggles" over prices when she gets into a drug store. She has no more shame, and though she mortifies her children in the extreme, she is saving money.

## JUST AFTER HE HAD GIVEN WILLIE A GOOD LICKING—

DAD CHANCED TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW TOWARD THE SAND PILE AND DISCOVERED HOW WILLIE HAD BEEN ABLE TO BEAR UP SO BRAVELY UNDER THE PUNISHMENT.

## Are You Alive?

Of course you are eating and breathing—but you may not be alive. If you do not reach top-notch in the day's work you may be starving the body by eating foods that have no real food-value. Eat

## Shredded Wheat

with green vegetables and fresh or stewed fruits. You will find yourself very much alive. Shredded Wheat is 100 per cent whole wheat, is ready-cooked and ready-to-eat.

Delicious for any meal with berries or other fruits. Two biscuits make a nourishing meal.